

# P O E M S

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By Mr. S M A R T.

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VIZ

REASON and IMAGINATION  
a Fable.

ODE to GENERAL  
DRAPEL.

ODE to ADMIRAL  
SIR GEORGE POCOCK.

AN EPISTLE to  
JOHN SHERRATT, ESQ.

PRAVO FAVORE *labi* mortales *solent*,  
*Et pro judicio dum stant erroris sui*  
Ad poenitendum REBUS MANIFESTIS *agunt*.

PRÆD.

L O N D O N

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stons, in the Strand.

P O E M S

BY MR. S M A T.

VIZ

Reason and Imagination O D E to General

Draper.

a Fable

O D E to Admiral An Epistle to

Sir George Pocock. JOHN SHEPARD, ESQ.





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R E A S O N  
A N D  
I M A G I N A T I O N,  
A F A B L E;

A D D R E S S ' D T O  
M r . K E N R I C K .

A M I D S T the ample field of things,  
The doubtful Muse suspends her wings;  
While Thoughts, Imagination's host,  
Keep hov'ring over Reason's post  
Maintain'd, O *Truth*, upon thy base,  
Whose voice, and whose Angelic face,  
Are what the prudent love and hear,  
And by no other star they steer.

In vain fair *Fancy* decks her bow'rs,  
 And tempts with fruits, and tempts with flow'rs; — 10  
 Her wiles in ev'ry mode express'd,  
 Or leudly strip'd, or proudly dress'd;  
 Try all the little arts she can,  
 Firm stands the Attribute of Man;  
 And solid, weighty, deep, and found,  
 Asserts its right, and keeps its ground.

'Twas in that famous *Sabine* grove,  
 Where Wit so oft with Judgment strove,  
 Where Wisdom grac'd th' Horatian lyre,  
 Like weight of metal play'd by fire; 20  
 Where Elegance and Sense conferr'd,  
 Just at the coming of the WORD,  
 Who chose his reasons to convey  
 A plain and a familiar way,  
 Then, would you taste the moral tale,  
 First bless the banquet, and regale.  
 IMAGINATION, in the flight  
 Of young desire, and gay delight,

Began



Began to think upon a mate;  
 As weary of the single state; 30  
 For sick of change, as left at will,  
 And cloy'd with entertainment still,  
 She thought it better to be grave,  
 To settle, to take up, and save,  
 She therefore to her chamber sped,  
 And thus at first attir'd her head.  
 Upon her hair, with brilliants graced,  
 Her tow'r of beamy gold she placed;  
 Her ears with pendant jewels glow'd  
 Of various water, curious mode, 40  
 As nature sports the wintry ice,  
 In many a whimsical device.  
 Her eye-brows arch'd, upon the stream  
 Of rays, beyond the piercing beam;  
 Her cheeks in matchless colour high,  
 She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye;  
 Her paps, as white as Fancy draws,  
 She cover'd with a crimson gauze;  
 And on her wings she threw perfume  
 From buds of everlasting bloom. 50

Her zone, ungirded from her vest,  
 She wore across her swelling breast;  
 On which, in gems, this verse was wrought,  
 " I make and shift the scenes of Thought."  
 In her right hand a Wand she held,  
 Which Magick's utmost pow'r excell'd;  
 And in her left retain'd a Chart,  
 With figures far surpassing art,  
 Of other natures, suns and moons,  
 Of other moves to higher tunes. 60  
 The Sylphs and Sylphids, fleet as light,  
 The Fairies of the gamesome night,  
 The Muses, Graces, all attend  
 Her service, to her journey's end:  
 And Fortune, sometimes at her hand,  
 Is now the fav'rite of her band,  
 Dispatch'd before the news to bear,  
 And all th' adventure to prepare.

Beneath an Holm-tree's friendly shade,  
 Was REASON's little cottage made; 70

Before,



Before, a river deep and still;  
 Behind, a rocky soaring hill.  
 Himself, adorn'd in seemly plight,  
 Was reading to the Eastern light;  
 And ever, as he meekly knelt,  
 Upon the Book of Wisdom dwelt.  
 The Spirit of the shifting wheel,  
 Thus first essay'd his pulse to feel—  
 "The Nymph supreme o'er works of wit,  
 "O'er labour'd plan, and lucky hit, 80  
 "Is coming to your homely cot,  
 "To call you to a nobler lot;  
 "I, *Fortune*, promise wealth and pow'r,  
 "By way of matrimonial dow'r:  
 "Preferment crowns the golden day,  
 "When fair Occasion leads the way."  
 Thus spake the frail, capricious dame,  
 When she that sent the message came.—

"From first Invention's highest sphere,  
 "I, Queen of Imag'ry, appear; 90

" And throw myself at REASON's feet;  
 " Upon a weighty point to treat.  
 " You dwell alone, and are too grave;  
 " You make yourself too much a slave;  
 " Your shrewd deductions run a length,  
 " 'Till all your Spirits waste their strength:  
 " Your fav'rite logick is full close;  
 " Your morals are too much a dose;  
 " You ply your studies 'till you risk  
 " Your senses—you should be more brisk—  
 " The Doctors soon will find a flaw,  
 " And lock you up in chains and straw.  
 " But, if you are inclin'd to take  
 " The gen'rous offer, which I make,  
 " I'll lead you from this hole and ditch,  
 " To gay Conception's top-moſt pitch;  
 " To thoſe bright plains, where crowd in ſwarms  
 " The ſpirits of fantaſtic forms;  
 " To planets populous with elves;  
 " To natures ſtill above themſelves,  
 " By ſoaring to the wond'rous height  
 " Of notions, which they ſtill create;



- " I'll bring you to the pearly cars,  
 " By dragons drawn, above the stars;  
 " To colours of Arabian glow;  
 " And to the heart-dilating show  
 " Of paintings, which surmount the life:  
 " At once your tut'rels, and your wife."—  
 " ———Soft, soft, (says REASON) lovely friend;  
 " Tho' to a parley I attend, 120  
 " I cannot take thee for a mate;  
 " I'm lost, if e'er I change my state.  
 " But whensoever your raptures rise,  
 " I'll try to come with my supplies;  
 " To muster up my sober aid,  
 " What time your lively pow'rs invade;  
 " To act conjointly in the war  
 " On dullness, whom we both abhor;  
 " And ev'ry folly that you make,  
 " I must be there, for conduct's sake; 130  
 " Thy correspondent, thine ally;  
 " Or any thing, but bind and tye—  
 " But, e'er this treaty be agreed,  
 " Give me thy wand and winged steed:  
 " Take

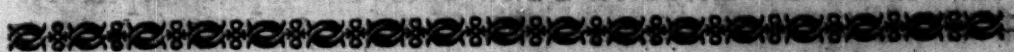
" Take thou this compass and this rule,  
 " That wit may cease to play the fool ;  
 " And that thy vot'ries who are born  
 " For praise, may never sink to scorn."

O KENRICK, happy in the view  
 Of *Reason*, and of *Fancy* too ; 140  
 Whose friendship of a few days growth,  
 Is ripe, and greater than them both ;  
 Who reconcil'ft with Euclid's scheme,  
 The tow'ring flight, and golden dream,  
 With thoughts at once restrained and free,  
 I dedicate this tale to THEE.  
 But now, a vet'ran for the prize,  
 I claim a licence to advise.  
 Let not a fondness for the sage,  
 Decoy thee from a brighter page, 150  
 THE BOOK OF SEMPITERNAL BLISS,  
 The lore where nothing is amiss,  
 The truth to full perfection brought,  
 Beyond the sage's deepest thought ;  
 Beyond the poet's highest flight ;  
 Then let Invention reason right, And



And free from prejudice and hate,  
 And false refinement's vain debate,  
 Since GOD's the WORD, that *Christians* read,  
 Be love their everlasting deed. 160

CHRISTOPHER SMART.



O D E

T O

Admiral Sir *GEORGE POCOCK*

WHEN CHRIST, the seaman, was aboard  
 Swift as an arrow to the *White*,

While Ocean his rude rapture roar'd,

\* The vessel gain'd the Haven with delight :

We therefore first to him the song renew,

Then sing of Pocock's praise, and make the point in view.

\* John vi. 21

D

The

2.

The Muse must humble e're she rise,  
 And kneel to kiss her Master's feet,  
 Thence at one spring she mounts the skies  
 And in *New Salem* vindicates her seat;  
 Seeks to the temple of th' Angelic choir,  
 And hoists the ENGLISH FLAG upon the topmost spire.

3.

O Blessed of the Lord of Hosts,  
 In either India most renown'd,  
 The Echo of the Eastern coasts,  
 And all th' Atlantic shores thy name resound.—  
 The victor's clemency, the seaman's art,  
 The cool delib'rate head, and warm undaunted heart.

4.

My pray'r was with Thee, when thou fail'd  
 With prophecies of sure success;  
 My thanks to Heav'n, that thou prevail'd  
 Shall last as long as I can breathe or bless;  
 And built upon thy deeds my song shall tow'r,  
 And swell, as it ascends, in spirit and in pow'r.

5. There



5.

There is no thunder half so loud,  
 As God's applauses in the height,  
 For those, that have his name avow'd,  
 Ev'n *Christian* Patriots valorous and great;  
 Who for the general welfare stand or fall,  
 And have no sense of self, and know no dread at all.

6.

Amongst the numbers lately fir'd  
 To act upon th' heroic plan,  
 Grace has no worthier chief inspir'd,  
 Than that sublime, insuperable man,  
 Who could th' out-numb'ring *French* so oft defeat,  
 And from th' HAVANNAH stor'd his brave victorious fleet.

7.

And yet how silent his return  
 With scarce a welcome to his place---  
 Stupidity and unconcern,  
 Were settled in each voice and on each face.  
 As private as myself he walk'd along,  
 Unfavour'd by a friend, unfollow'd by the throng.

Thy triumph, therefore, is not here,

Thy glories for a while postpon'd,

The hero shines not in his sphere,

But where the Author of all worth is own'd.---

Where *Patience* still persists to praise and pray

For all the Lord bestows, and all he *takes away*.

Not HOWARD, FORBISHER, or DRAKE,

Or VERNON's fam'd *Herculean* deed;

Not all the miracles of BLAKE,

Can the great Chart of thine exploits exceed.---

Then rest upon thyself and dwell secure,

And cultivate the arts, and feed th' *increasing* poor.

O NAME accustom'd and inur'd

To fame and hardship round the globe,

For which fair Honour has insur'd

The warrior's truncheon, and the consul's robe;

Who still the more is *done* and *understood*,

Art easy of access, art affable and good.



① NAME acknowledged and rever'd

Where Isis plays her pleasant stream,  
Whene'er thy tale is read or heard,

The good shall bless thee, and the wise esteem;  
And they, whose offspring \* lately felt thy care,  
Shall in TEN THOUSAND CHURCHES make their daily pray'r.—

“ Connubial bliss and homefelt joy,

“ And ev'ry social praise be thine;

“ Plant thou the oak, the poor employ;

“ Or plans of vast benevolence design;

“ And speed, when CHRIST his servant shall release,

“ From triumph over death to everlasting peace.”

\* Alluding to the Admiral's noble Benefaction to the Sons of the Clergy.

O D E

T O

General D R A P E R.

Utique ferant ea facta minores  
 Vincat amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido. VIRG.

**N**OBLE in Nature, great in arms,  
 The Muses patron and thyself a bard,  
 Who sternly rushing from domestic charms  
 And for thy country tow'ring upon guard,  
 As born against the foes of human kind,  
 Preced'st the march alone, and leav'st all rank behind.  
 A little leisure for a thankful heart,  
 It's own peculiar workings to attend,  
 A little leisure to survey the Chart,  
 Of all thy labours bearing to their end;  
 To hail Thee, at the head of all renown,  
 To plan thy private peace, and weave thy laurel crown.

¶

The Fame of DRAPER is a pile  
 Of God's erecting in th' embattled field;  
 An English fabrick in the Roman stile,  
 To which all meaner elevations yield;  
 What ho! ye brave lieutenants of the van,  
 Within a thousand furlongs not a single man.

My



My Muse is somewhat stronger than she was,

In spite of long calamity and time,  
Arouse, Arouse ye ! is there not a cause ?

Arouse ye lively spirits of my prime !  
Breathe, breathe upon the lyre thy parting breath,  
There is no thought of him but triumphs over death.

Ye boys of Eton take your theme,

That heroes from heroic fathers come ;

Ye sons of learned Granta draw the scheme

Of Archimedes, on the warriour's drum :

No more let champions scorn the man of parts,

For DRAPER comes like MARLBRO' from the school of arts.

O early train'd and practis'd in desert,

The son of emulation from the womb,

In antient arms and eloquence expert ;

And student of the themes of Greece and Rome,

Thou chose *ACHILLES* from th' *Homeric* throng,

Who sinks beneath thy deeds, tho' rais'd upon \* thy song.

A CHRISTIAN HERO is a name

To bards of Classic eminence unknown,

A hero, that prefers a higher claim

To God's applause, his country's and his own ;

That those, who, tho' the mirror of their days,

Nor knew the Prince of Worth, nor principle of praise.

Advance, advance a little higher still---

Th' Ideas of an Englishman advance !

Advance above his meaner strength or skill ;

Who solely grasps his pen or shakes his lance.

Thy talent ever flows to learning's hoard,

And bore to leisure fruit 'midst peril and the sword.

\* Alluding to a famous Copy of Latin Verses, written by DRAPER at Eton

O ENGLISH aspect name and soul,  
 All ENGLISH to our joyful ears and eyes !  
 Thy chariot cleanly risk'd upon the goal  
 Has brought Thee winner for the Martial Prize ;  
 And interval on interval succeeds,  
 Before thy second comes to signify his deeds.  
 A note above the Epic trumpet's reach  
 Beyond the compass of the various lyre,  
 The song of all thy deeds, which fires shall teach  
 Their children active prowess to inspire.----  
 Thou art a Master----whose exploits shall warm,  
 The valiant yet to come, and future heroes form.

It is an honest book, that writes  
 Thy name as worthy honourable lot,  
 For fair and faithful \* thy detail recites,  
 The merits of thy brethren on the spot ;  
 From gallant MONSON foremost of th' array,  
 To him that came the last, yet help'd to win the day.  
 What tho' no sense of gratitude be shown  
 As heretofore, to chiefs of meaner rank ;  
 No mason knew thy figure from a stone,  
 Or painter daub thee staring on a plank ;  
 No groupe of Aldermen proclaim thee free,  
 And in the Tayler's College give thee thy degree ?

What tho' no bonfires be display'd,  
 Nor windows light up the nocturnal scene ;  
 What tho' the merry ringer is not paid,  
 Nor rockets shoot upon the STILL SERENE ;  
 Tho' no matross upon the rampart runs,  
 To send out thy report from loud redoubling guns ?



What tho' thy precious health does not go round,  
 Where'er the gormandizing finner dines ;  
 Thy name be kept in secrecy profound,  
 O'er female converse and loquacious wines ;  
 What tho' th' astonish'd rustic does not fawn,  
 On DRAPER made of wax, or on the bellows drawn ?

No coin the medalists devise,  
 With thankful captives crowding the *Reverse* ;  
 Or *Plutus* leading *Merit* to the prize,  
 Or ALBION wailing MORE's untimely hearse ;  
 What tho' no bawling ballad fingers rend  
 The skies with joy for thee, or dirges for thy friend ?  
 Not monumental marble or the life  
 Upon the rival canvass aptly feign'd,  
 Nor City-Speaker, licensed by his wife,  
 'To skrew up panygyric, bridg'd and strain'd ;  
 Not glass adorn'd with mottos and with boughs,  
 Nor fires that light the mob to roar and to carouse.

Not the round peal or guns salute,  
 Pronouncing still that DRAPER is the toast ;  
 Not youth and blooming beauty, bearing fruit  
 To Justice, as they make A MAN their boast ;  
 Not Salmon's wax-work or the hackney muse,  
 Not all the prose and verse of all the Grub-street news.  
 Not any thing they have denied to Thee,  
 Is half so great as that which you possess ;  
 The patriot's hand, the honest parson's knee,  
 And the GREAT BRITISH MONARCH's love express ;  
 And if I may presume upon my mite,  
 This rough unbidden verse, that aims to do thee right.

Stupendous, surely, is thy chance,  
 If such a man as thou shou'd be despis'd;  
 Advance---thy fav'rite word---advance, advance  
 To take thy rank with worthies in the skies;  
 The Captain of ten thousand in the sphere,  
 Where *Michael* draws the sword or throws the glitt'ring spear.  
 Thyself and seed for which there is no doom,  
 Race rising upon race in goodly pride;  
 Shall ever flourish root, and branch, and bloom,  
 Shall flourish tow'ring high and spreading wide;  
 To carry God's applauses in their heart,  
 To shew an ENGLISH face, and act an ENGLISH part.

XX

A N

# E P I S T L E

T O

**J O H N S H E R R A T T, Esq;**

*Hæc mihi semper erunt imis infixæ medullis,  
 Perpetuusque ANIMI debitor HUIUS ero.*

Ovid de Trist. Eleg. iv.

**O**F all the off'rings thanks can find,  
 None equally delights the mind;  
 Or charms so much, or holds so long.  
 As gratitude express'd in song.

We



We reckon all the BOOK of GRACE  
 By verses, as the source we trace,  
 And in the spirit all is great  
 By number, melody and weight.  
 By nature's light each heathen sage,  
 Has thus adorn'd th' immortal page ;  
 Demosthenes and Plato's prose,  
 From skill in mystic measure flows ;  
 And ROLT's sublime, historic stile,  
 Is better than the Muses smile.  
 Take then from heartiness protest,  
 What in the bard's conceit is best ;  
 The golden sheaf desertion gleans  
 For want of better helps and means.

Well nigh sev'n years had fill'd their tale,  
 From Winter's urn to Autumn's scale,  
 And found no friend to grief and *Smart*,  
 Like Thee and Her, thy sweeter part ;  
 Assisted by a friendly \* pair  
 That chose the side of CHRIST and PRAY'R,  
 To build the great foundation laid,  
 By one † sublime, transcendent maid.  
 'Tis well to signalize a deed,  
 And have no precedent to plead ;  
 'Tis blessing as by God we're told,  
 To come and visit friends in hold ;  
 Which skill is greater in degree,  
 If goodness set the pris'ner free.  
 'Tis you that have in my behalf,  
 Produc'd the robe and kill'd the calf ;  
 Have hail'd the *restoration day*,

\* Mr. and Mrs. ROLT.

† Miss A. F. S-----, Of *Queen's-square*.

And bid the loudest music play.  
 If therefore there is yet a note  
 Upon the lyre, that I devote,  
 To gratitude's divinest strains,  
 One gift of love for thee remains ;  
 One gift above the common cast,  
 Of making fair memorials last.

Not He whose highly finish'd piece,  
 Outshone the chissel'd forms of Greece ;  
 Who found with all his art and fame,  
 \* A part'ner in the house I claim ;  
 Not he that pencils CHARLOTTE'S eyes,  
 And boldly bids for ROMNEY'S prize ;  
 Not both the seats, where arts commune  
 Can blazon like a word in tune ;  
 But this our young scholasticks con,  
 As warrant from th' *Appulian* Swan.  
 Then let us frame our steps to climb,  
 Beyond the sphere of chance and time,  
 And raise our thoughts on HOLY WRIT,  
 O'er mortal works and human wit.  
 The lively acts of CHRISTIAN LOVE,  
 Are treasur'd in the rolls above ;  
 Where Archangelic concerts ring,  
 And God's accepted poets sing.  
 So. Virtue's plan to parry praise,  
 Cannot obtain in after days,  
 Atchievements in the Christian cause,  
 Ascend to sure and vast applause ;  
 Where Glory fixes to endure  
 All precious, permanent and pure.

\* Mr. *Roubilliac's* first Wife was a *Smart*, descended from the same Ancestors as Mr. *Christopher Smart*.



Of such a class in such a sphere,  
 Shall thy distinguish'd deed appear;  
 Whose spirit open and avow'd  
 Array'd itself against the croud,  
 With chearfulness so much thine own,  
 And all thy motive God alone;  
 To run thy keel across the boom,  
 And save my vessel from her doom,  
 And cut her from the pirate's port,  
 Beneath the cannon of the fort,  
 With colours fresh, and sails unfurl'd,  
 Was nobly dar'd to beat the world;  
 And stands for ever on record,  
 IF TRUTH AND LIFE BE GOD AND LORD.

1117 149  
 CHRISTOPHER SMART.



Lately published, and written by

CHRISTOPHER SMART,

And Sold by Mr. FLETCHER and Co. in St. Paul's Church-Yard; and Mr. LAURENCE,  
 Stationer, near Durham Yard, in the Strand. (Price 1s.)

A SONG to DAVID.

**B**EING a Poem compos'd in a Spirit of affection and thankfulness to the great Author of THE BOOK OF GRATITUDE, which is the *Psalms* of DAVID the King.—“Let us now praise famous Men, and our Fathers that begat us—such as found out Musical Tunes and “recited Verses in Writing.” Eccles. xlv. This Song is allowed by Mr. Smart's judicious Friends and Enemies to be the best Piece ever made public by him, its chief fault being the EXACT REGULARITY and METHOD with which it is conducted. Notwithstanding all this be the very Truth, we read the following Observations in a *scurrilous* Pamphlet, called *The Critical Review*,—“Without venturing to criticize on the Propriety of a Protestant's offering “up either *Hymns* or *Prayers* to the DEAD, we must be of Opinion, that great Rapture and “Devotion is discernable in this extatic Song. It is a FINE PIECE OF RUINS, and must at “once please and affect a *sensible Mind*.” *Critical Review* for April, 1763.—The first Part of this invidious Cavil is stupendous impudence against the Truth of CHRIT JESUS, who has most confidently affirmed this same DAVID to be alive in his Argument for the Resurrection.—The last Assertion is an Insult by a most *cruel* insinuation upon the Majesty of the LEGISLATURE of GREAT BRITAIN.—It is a pity that Men should be permitted to set up for Critics, who make it so evident, that they have neither RELIGION nor LEARNING; since candour cannot subsist without the former, and there can be no Authority to pronounce judgement without the latter.

*Christopher Smart.*

*This Day are published,*

P R O P [ O ] S A L S

For PRINTING by SUBSCRIPTION

A NEW VERSION OF THE

P S A L M S

With a Set of HYMNS for the FASTS and FESTIVALS  
of the CHURCH of ENGLAND.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART.

A SPECIMEN of the WORK.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

**H**ALLELUJAH! kneel and sing  
Praises to the heav'nly king;  
To the God supremely great,  
Hallelujah in the height.

2 Praise him, arch-angelic band,  
Ye that in his presence stand;  
Praise him, ye that watch and pray,  
Michael's myriads in array.

3 Praise him, sun, at each extrem,  
Orient streak, and western beam;  
Moon and stars of mystic dance,  
Silv'ring in the blue expanse.

4 Praise him, O ye heights that soar  
Heav'n and heav'n for evermore;  
And ye streams of living rill  
Higher yet and purer still.

5 Let them praise his glorious name,  
From whose fruitful word they came;  
And they first began to be  
As he gave the great decree.

6 Their constituent parts he founds  
For duration without bounds;  
And their covenant has seal'd,  
Which shall never be repeal'd.

7 Praise the Lord on earth's domains,  
Praise him, that sea contains;

8 Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,  
Streaming vapours, plummy snow;  
Wind and storm, his wrath incurr'd,  
Wingg'd and pointed at his word.

9 Mountains of enormous scale,  
Every hill and every vale;  
Fruit trees of a thousand dies,  
Cedars that perfume the skies!

10 Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,  
Nibbling flocks and droves that graze;  
Reptiles of amphibious breed,  
Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

11 Kings, with Jesus for their guide,  
Peopled regions far and wide;  
Heroes of their country's cause,  
Princes, judges of the laws.

12 Age and childhood, youth and maid,  
To his name your praise be paid;  
For his word is worth alone,  
Far above his crown and throne.

13 He shall dignify the crest  
Of his people, rais'd and blest;  
While we serve with praise and prayers,  
All in Christ his saints and heirs.